Haue you so slander any moments leisure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*,
Looke too't I charge you, come your waies.
Ophe. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The aire bites shroudly, it is very cold.
Hora. It is nipping, and an eager aire.
Ham. What houre now?
Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelue.
Mar. No, it is strooke
Hora. Indeed; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season.
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke *A flourish of Trum-*
What does this meane my Lord? *pets, and two Peeces goes off.*
Ham. The King doth walke to night and takes his rowse,
Keeps wassell and the swaggering vp-spring reeles:
And as he draines his drafts of Rhenish downe,
The Kettle Drumme and Trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hora. Is it a custome?
Ham. I marrie ist,
But to my mind, though I am native heere
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance.
This heauie-headed reuell East and West
Makes vs traduc'd and taxed of other Nations,
They clip vs Drunkards and with swinish phrase
Soile our addition, and indeed it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marow of our attribute,
So oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guiltie,
(Since nature cannot choose his origen)
By their ore-grow'th of some complexion
Oft breaking downe the Pales and Forts of Reason,
Or by some habit that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plausiue manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stampe of one defe&

Bein-

Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes starre,
His Vertues els be they as pure as grace.
As infinite as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of ease
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandall.

Enter Ghost.

Hora. Looke my Lord it comes.
Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs!
Be thou a spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee aires from heauen, or blasts from hel,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royall *Dane*, O answere me,
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death
Haue burst their cerements? why the Sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane
That thou dead coarse, againe in compleat steele
Reuisites thus the glimpses of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of Nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe? *Bec*
Hora. It beckons you to goe away with it
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.
Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It waues you to a more remooued ground,
But doe not goe with it.
Hora. No, by no meanes.
Ham. It will not speake, then I will follow it.
Hora. Doe not my Lord.
Ham. Why? what should be the feare,
I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,

1 slaunder — moment 9 twelfe 14 wake
24 reueale 25 badust 30 chaunces — particulers
33 origin

5 particuler 5 eale 7 scandle 12 ayre
29 beckins 32 curteous